PUBLIC LIBRARY
5 JAN 1935
MADRAS

THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol: VII. NOVEMBER & DECEMBER No. 6

TO MY MOTHER

O MOTHER-HEART! O Mystery!
Too deep your depths are hid from me,
Those shoreless depths of love in you,
O Mother-heart! so strong and true.

I look into your eyes and see
The great infinite mystery
Of Love divine, God's mother-heart,
That baffles science, kindles art.

Pulsating Mother-heart, I feel
The throbbing touch of God reveal
Itself in your unnumbered deeds
Of cheerful sacrifice. Life needs

A mother to be born, God came
To earth and took an earthly name,
But thro' a virgin's mother-heart....
O let angelic choirs start

Their anthems and their hymns of praise,
As on the wings of song I raise,
O Mother-heart! O Mystery!
My tribute and my love to thee!

—*Cyril Modak.*

THE MEEK SPIRIT OF CHRIST

By KAMALA

NOW that the season of Christmas has come, once again are we taken into the close atmosphere and remembrance of Christ, the greatest example of beauty of character ever produced in this world. *Ecce Homo.* And, as we contemplate his personality anew, what strikes us most forcibly is his meekness and gentleness of spirit. This is one of the greatest virtues of the old world, which is also one of those at the most discount in modern times. How emasculated indeed does the advice appear: "To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other; and from him that taketh away thy cloak, withhold not thy coat also." Yet, the fact remains that many of the great men of the Bible, were men of meekness; and the greatest of them all, Christ, was the very epitome of meekness. "Take my yoke and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart," said He. How can we then reconcile the aggressiveness of modern Christians with the humility of Christ?

Meekness, in fact, is despised, because it appears to imply the want of a strong spirit. Yet, if we only think of it, we are bound to admit that in meekness lies a good deal of strength of mind and will. The savage lion attacks with a roar when it is threatened; the evil snake pounces with a hiss on the hand raised to strike it; and the first instinct of man, evolved from the beasts of the earth, is to retaliate with a return blow. Yet his higher sense of reasoning and control must come to the rescue and he is commanded, not only to lie still under an insult, but also to invite further affront. What greater proof of self-control can there be than that?

Meekness does not imply a lack of self-respect. Christ did not hesitate to cast out the defilers from his "house of prayer." He never cringed before the Pharisees, or his accusers; and he never shirked expressing his views in defiance of the most stringent public opinion. St. Paul bade Timothy not strive against others as the servant of the Lord; yet at the same time he was to correct others and refuse to answer foolish and quarrelsome questions. And St. Peter bade his disciples "be ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you," albeit it was to be done in meekness and fear.

Meekness therefore, does not mean a slavish surrender of principles or ideals, through a reluctance to appear aggressive, and thereby perhaps oppose others, lose position, esteem and fame, or court ridicule. Meekness indeed must be based on sincerity. "When a man has sincerity as his ideal," says Warwick Deeping, "he has married a strong-minded young woman, whose strenuousness may drive him into many complicated situations." This is no soft job indeed. Imagine the tremendous energy involved in the process, the high moral courage needed to criticise in the face of opposition and enmity. But the high ideal must be adhered to. "We struggle on towards something even in the teeth of our desires. We may not argue it out, or even reason the question. The choice is there. We take the rougher road, grumbling perhaps, calling ourselves fools, but taking it none the less. Always in the best man, there is the sense of uplift against odds, that driving instinct that forces him forward towards something better. He is like a tired man digging a garden plot. Another weed! Why not bury it, leave it, pull it up in the spring? But the instinct of thoroughness is too strong for him. He stoops and pulls out the weed, meaning perhaps that it shall be the last."

Meekness again does not mean self-satisfaction and self-conceit, which is for ever claiming privileges for itself, interfering unnecessarily, or seeking to be overbearing and dominant. Some people there are, who accept themselves and their virtues so seriously that nothing that they ever do strikes them as mean or wicked. Self-criticism has no meaning for them, "nor do they ever catch a glimpse of their own smooth faces reflected in the distorting glass of self-scorn." Very often they are old-fashioned in their knowledge, but dislike accepting innovations of any kind. Very often their satisfaction is born of ignorance and want of real culture, of the smugness of convention or of weakness of character and intellect, which, showing itself off in vague camouflage, can neither be decently selfish nor gloriously altruistic. Almost always, such people are without humour, owing to the lack of which they can in utmost good faith "perpetrate the most astounding impertinences." They are too serious-minded to see anything laughable in life, with perhaps "the morality that drives a woman to darn stockings, gladly and well."

Meekness does not mean a mere toleration of life. Sometimes, there are worthy people, who see nothing much wrong with life. They have for years taken things for granted, and have become so patient and kind-hearted that they hate to ask disturbing questions. In a way, this may be due to indifference, which according to St. John is the worst sin in the world. But very often it is due to a dislike to disturb the existing peace. Our friends do not wish to rouse bad feeling and malice; they hate spreading discord and strife. Their optimism may sometimes be rudely awakened, by seeing evil triumphant; but then they accept that evil as part of the inevitable plan of human life which is yet beautiful, and so ought to be left in the hands of an all-seeing God. "They are like a good man, who stretches out a compassionate hand to touch the sufferer, but dares not draw aside the cloth that covers the sore. And so, the old machinery jolts on, rustily, clumsily and without coercion; the driver now and then rousing himself to pour in a little oil."

Yet, meekness may appear on its surface to mean all the above failings, for it certainly ought to argue a capacity to accept rebukes, to endure accusations, to bear punishments, to bow to martyrdom, the motive being, not want of spirit, but a perception of one's own weaknesses and faults. A meek spirit recognises that it also is capable of sin: "we also were foolish, disobedient, deceived, living in malice and envy, hateful, hating one another." It is slow to take offence, for it is ready to find excuses for the faults of others and credit them with the best of motives for even the worst of mistakes. Meekness in fact can appear to be undesirably insensitive, with too "thick a skin" for criticism to pierce through. "Be ready unto every good work, to speak evil of no man, not to be contentious, to be gentle, showing all meekness toward all men."

Meekness, therefore takes for granted an unassuming and humble spirit, which sees nothing in itself to be unduly proud of, which is willing to submit happily to the dictates of a good God, and which does not indulge in unnecessary and futile arguments about the purpose of the universe. "Do with me as is good and right in your eyes," prays the meek spirit, with a simple, child-like, quiet heart, self-contained and yet with innocent faith in its Creator, a spirit which does righteously is temperate, tolerant, full of mercy and gentleness. "The fruit of the spirit is meekness," says the Bible. "Put on a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long-suffering." "Putting away all filthiness, and overflowing of wickedness, receive with meekness the implanted world."

The meek spirit understands the dignity of labour, and is not ashamed to be poor, lowly and in mean surroundings, or accompanied by grief, squalor and scorn. The King of the world went to Jerusalem "meek and riding upon an ass." As Isaiah

said "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and, as one from whom men hide their faces, he was despised, and we esteemed him not."

Taking for granted that nothing good should be done for the reward of it, meekness, therefore, should be a virtue in itself. But it is interesting to know that the Bible mentions several rewards of meekness. The meek in fact, appear to be the fittest to survive on earth, for it is they who bring peace and quiet and rest to earth. "The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price," says St. Peter. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," says Christ. Other Bible writers affirm the same. "The meek shall inherit the land and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." "The meek shall find rest unto their souls." "The meek shall eat and be satisfied." "The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord." "The meek will He guide in judgment and teach His way." "The Lord upholdeth the meek. He will beautify the meek with salvation. He will judge the poor with righteousness and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth." Finally, the King himself is bidden to ride on "prosperously and in his majesty, because of truth, ***meekness*** and righteousness."

What sort of Education is Needed for Indian Women?

(OUR SUCCESSFUL COMPETITION ESSAY)

By Govindlal D. Shah

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Rules the world."

—*Napoleon.*

CIVILISATION is still on its way to perfection and we are yet a far way off from the land of our heart's desire. Various aspects of our modern life are constantly brought under the searchlight and vehement criticism and revolutionary changes are being suggested and advocated. Our educational system is by no means spared and many of the ills and abuses of our civilisation are ascribed to defects in it. We know that the ideal is yet far away, we know that we have no agreement on the diagnosis and the prescription, we know that we have still a deficiency of men and materials to lead us to the cherished goal.

When our very civilisation is at the cross-roads, when the entire system of education is in the melting-pot, it will be difficult indeed to pronounce anything uncontroversial about a single aspect of the system of education. However, each of us, who has a head worth the name over his shoulders, has his or her own conception of the ideal, dim or dazzling, possible or impossible, reformist or revolutionary. I have great pleasure in presenting in the following few words an idea of my plan.

At the outset, let me tell you that in this short thesis it is not possible to dwell at length on the uses and abuses of co-education. I will content myself by categorically saying that, wherever it has not been used, a beginning may be made by introducing the same into primary schools, extending it after five years into middle schools and thereafter into high schools. Owing to several cases of unpardonable misbehavior, I would strongly plead that co-education in the colleges

should be postponed for another ten years, by which time the minds of the sexes would have been used to free association between them. I may add on this point that, by co-education I mean the real co-education where girls receive education with the boys on absolutely equal terms.

Whether women should receive the same education as men, or whether they should receive special education, is a point on which there is little agreement, even amongst old people; and therefore for sometime at any rate both the avenues should be kept open, each woman at some time being called upon to make her choice. In this thesis, I shall not speak much about those who would like to step into the shoes of their brothers, since that will have to be decided according to the needs of the menfolk. The ideal of education, as I see it, is to make us truly conscious of our duties, not only to ourselves and to our kith and kin, but also to our society and to our God. Education will then make life a real pleasure and the kingdom of God will descend upon earth.

Every woman in this twentieth century should be well equipped for the life that modern progress makes possible. Besides imbibing this modernism, she should also fulfil the noble mission of her sex. In the keeping of women is the culture of the race. They are the bridge between yesterday and to-day. They should keep the torch of their ancient glory alive in the new generation that they create, and still they should make it really modern. This is not so difficult as it seems, particularly in this country. Every woman in this country should have a good knowledge of its folk-lore, epics and religion, for then only can she keep alive the glory of India.

I shall now give a full measure of my scheme. At 7 years, a girl should go to school and for the first two years, be busy with her language. She may also be given some folk-lore. In another couple of years she may pick up just a bit of arithmetic. Thus at the end of four years study all that I require her to know is the three 'R's of education--reading, writing and Arithmetic, plus a good grounding in tradition. Then she should be initiated into English—the language of modern life—and she should, side by side with it, get acquainted with the broad outlines of history, geography, physics and epics. At the age of 13 or 14, she has thus obtained sufficient elementary knowledge on necessary matters. She should now discard the subjects for which she has no special aptitude, and be initiated into a study of hygiene, human anatomy, house-hold work and religion. This is the proper time when she should also be given knowledge about sexology. According to her own aptitude, she should also pick up any hobbies and pastimes, like music, painting, knitting, etc., for which she may have the gift and liking. Then, she should have a quarter of an hour every day for physical culture. Possibly, it may seem that she is heavily loaded and burdened, but one must bear in mind that at that age she is well able to shoulder the burden and it is better that she leads a free life at the beginning, so that she is neither a wreck nor a crippled soul, when her real life opens up its portals to her. By the time she is of a marriagable age, she will be well-equipped to be the life companion of any intelligent man, and well on her way to be a useful adjunct to the society in which she is born and an asset to the family into which she has been adopted by marriage.

In this scheme I have not discussed specialised training, for it is meant for the few who have special gifts and aptitude. I think those, who are destined to be Portias, Joan of Arcs, Madam Curies, and Florence Nightingales, will find their own way to their cherished goals. I am certain my plan will not stifle them, even if it does not stimulate, for it admits the greatest degree of individual expansion, through effort and initiative.

THE MODERN VERNACULAR DRAMA

By A. D.

THE stage is rapidly gaining in importance in Southern India, and its influence for good or evil on the national life is being more readily recognised than it was, say, a quarter of a century back. The drama was not in the past a form of literature, that was popularly or extensively used by writers in any of the four important vernaculars of Southern India, and there are few really classic works in the dramatic line in any of these languages. Where such classic plays do exist, it will more often be found that they have been written more for reading than for acting. This defect is being largely remedied by various writers, especially within the last two decades, who have been successfully supplying the modern vernacular stage with all sorts and varieties of dramatic works, all suitable for acting, some quite good, others not quite so good. Leaving aside plays that have no real merit either of form or substance and that may be trusted to die a natural death sooner than later in the struggle for existence, one would like to sound a note of warning against a tendency, which seems to come so naturally to some even of our more talented and really successful playwrights and which may well prevent the stage from being the great and lively influence for good it should prove to be.

The tendency we refer to is that of harping on old-world virtues, which have been extolled *ad nauseum* in our country, and holding them up again for admiration, instead of presenting for the multitude new ideals or aspects of thought and action, which are more urgently required in the circumstances of the day. To quote an example, it is futile and even pernicious to teach the women of South India by means of a modern drama that the proper business of a wife is to be utterly devoted to her husband and adore him as a God, even though that husband proves himself over and over again a great cad, scoundrel, villain and cut-throat, without the least little regard or attachment for his wife. Such ideals have held sway far too long already in this land, and it is not exactly this sort of teaching that should be spread by means of the modern drama and the current stage. While all ideals are good and all humanity requires to be taught about them, it must readily occur to all observant and thinking men that in the case of different people different ideals will have to be emphasised and held up for admiration and adoption. There are countries, where you find deference to the husband being carried to the extent of deifying him and where the wife has been enjoined in so many words to look upon him as her God. There are countries again, where woman claims absolute equality with man in every sphere and where such over-emphasis on absolute equality between the sexes fairly threatens to extinguish all home life and conjugal bliss. There are countries, which tamely submit to all that happens, as either having been ordained by an omniscient and all-loving God, or as brought on by their own *karma*; and there are countries again, the keynote of whose national character is that they must fight with everything in nature which they think goes against them, till either they win or die in the attempt. Similarly one can go on multiplying instances, where in various countries, through influences of country, clime, history, culture, traditions that have operated for centuries, various ideals have gained ready acceptance and following. It is therefore obvious that, when an author sets out to enlighten his generation by means of a play, he should have special regard for the requirements of his age and country rather than follow blindly the ideals set up in an ancient age or for a different country. It is a famous saying that the

watchwords of one generation serve only to enchain the next. At different periods in the history of each nation, it becomes necessary, as different conditions and circumstances arise, to stress and urge different ideals. The old order has to change and yield place to new, lest one good custom should corrupt the world. There can be such a thing as having too much even of an accepted virtue, and the striving after even the best ideals of conduct can be overdone. If these truths are borne in mind and modern playwrights in the vernaculars will seek to embody in their plays an insistence on such virtues, as our country has in the past failed to cultivate to the extent one shoud desire, and an indication of the direction in which modification is necessary in the cases where ideals good in themselves have been carried to ridiculous extremes with results disastrous to the individuals concerned and deplorable to the country at large, a distinct step will be made in the progress of the Drama as a factor in national progress.

To Woman

YOU bring a fairy-world, enchanted, sweet,
Lit with the softest, tenderest, mellowest gleams,
Lit with the opalescence of young dreams;
And in your dream-world fact and fancy meet.
This ugly world of greed and pride and strife,
Of venom-breathing lust and palsied care,
Is all transformed into an Eden fair;
Beneath your wand a glory mantles life.

The flowers with wealth of perfume, pearls so bright,
And poets' songs, and artists' dreams, and youth,
Had been a waste if You were not; forsooth,
Life would have lacked its goddess of delight,
And Love would still have been a pathless quest
To find the fragrant shelter of your breast.

—*Cyril Modak.*

A HISTORICAL DEPUTATION

MRS. Naidu, when lately in Madras, referred to the deputation she had led to Mr. Montagu in 1917, and said that it seemed to her to be ancient history. "In those early days, when most of the members of the Association were very young, and she herself was not so old as she now was, it seemed very enterprising that a deputation of women should approach such high personages as the Viceroy of India and the Secretary of State. With what flutterings of the heart had they chosen their costumes and tried to effect in themselves a magic harmony of colour so as to present a perfect picture that would appeal to the eye and strengthen the arguments they were putting forward. But she did not think that they had advanced so far from that period, that their hearts would not flutter when they thought of deputations, delegations and public assemblies, because womanlike, they still liked to look picturesque though claiming equality in every form with men."

This historical deputation, which was the first to demand votes for women, was organised in Madanapalle by Mrs. Margaret Cousins. At a personal request made by the Editor of the I. L. M., she thus writes about it.

"In 1917 the Rt. Hon. E. S. Montagu, then Secretary of State for India, came to India to learn at first-hand the desires of the Indian people about the Post-War reforms that were then being considered. We read daily in the Press about the numerous deputations that were giving him their views. One day my husband said to me as we discussed the news of the day, 'These are all interviews with men. Why don't you organise a deputation of women to wait on him?' I thought over his remark and it seemed sensible, though Madanapalle seemed a small place from which to try and do such a thing. I had had training in Ireland in getting up such deputations and I felt very strongly that women's views should be put forward. It also happened that though I had arrived in India only in Nov. 1915, I had been made a member of the Senate of the Indian Women's University and had attended a meeting in Poona, where I met a number of the foremost educated women of Bombay. I had also been a guest of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. So I took my courage in both hands and wrote to all these representative women asking them if they would join such a deputation. I worked entirely on faith, as regards the financial possibilities of having to go to Simla or some other far-away city. About twenty women replied, all approving the idea. Then I wrote to Mr. Montagu's private secretary that we wanted to put the educational and social reform needs of women before H. E. the Viceroy and Mr. Montagu. He wrote back to say that we could be received only if we wished to discuss some political question. At once I said 'Then we will ask for the vote, and add the other things on to the address.' I drew up the draft of the address and sent it to my twenty collaborators. They made hardly any changes in it. We stated correctly, as later events also proved, that 'the voice of India approves of us, women, being considered responsible and acknowledged citizens, and we urgently claim that, in drawing up the provisions regarding representation, our sex shall not be made a disqualification for the franchise or for service in public life.' This address may yet be known as the *Magna charta* of Indian womanhood. Some of it runs as follows:

'We therefore ask (1) that the Government shall make a pronouncement in favour of Compulsory and free Primary Education for Boys and Girls, and widely extended Secondary Education, and immediately set

to work to bring this into being, area by area, as is being done in several of the Indian States. (2) We ask that during the time elapsing before the completion of this reform, the Government shall immediately devote as much attention to the education of girls as is now given by them to boys, and provide an equal number of school facilities for them, and thus remove the unwise differentiation, which provides facilities for ten times as many boys as girls, a policy which defeats its own ends, as the uneducated wives of these boys later hold back their progress.

In order to supply teachers for this wide spread of education, we ask the Government to provide a largely-increased number of Training Colleges for Indian Women Teachers and also to establish a number of Widows' Homes for this purpose, supplemented by the grant of scholarships to widows, and those anxious to be trained as teachers. Several travelling scholarships should also be granted for specially promising teachers. We suggest that a system of grants should also be made to assist Associations, which are now so widely attempting to continue the education of married women outside of ordinary school hours and curricula.

As a better physical standard is also an essential of Indian progress, it is necessary to have educational means by which to cope with the disastrously high rate of infant mortality and the high death-rate of young married women. We therefore press your Excellency, and you, Sir, to urge the Government to establish more Medical Colleges for women and to institute short Maternity courses, giving certificates to duly qualified persons, in connection with local hospitals in the large towns throughout the country, and to encourage women to attend them by means of scholarships.

We request you with all the earnestness in our power to recommend the Imperial Government to initiate legislation on these lines, and so bring our country politically, educationally, and physically up to the level of other parts of the Empire to which we are loyally devoted, and which we will serve the more efficiently as we get better education and wider opportunities in the public life of the Motherland that we love so well.'

Twice the place of meeting was changed, Simla and Calcutta being first fixed. Finally, it was in the Government House of Madras that we were asked to meet the visiting statesmen. Though Lady J. C. Bose, Mrs. Saraladevi Chaudrani, and Lady Tata were amongst those who could not come to Madras, we went ahead with the promise of the presence of Sarojini Devi, Mrs. Besant, Dr. Miss Joshi, Mrs. Dalvi from Bombay, Mrs. Hasrat Mohani, a Muslim lady from Delhi, Mrs. Kibe from Indore, Mrs. Naik from Poona, and our South Indian sisters. I knew all would go well. We were fourteen women, driving in four cars to Government House. I can still hear our inimitable Sarojini Devi explaining to us that she had chosen her dark blue saree with a lovely silver border, in order to give the effect of moon-light. We should lose nothing, we all agreed, of our feminine charm in doing public work.

The Deputation was pleasant. We were made to feel at home. Mrs. Naidu made all the introductions and read the address. Then Mrs. Naidu, Mrs. Besant, Dr. Joshi and Mrs. Hasrat Mohani were asked to remain and discuss some of the points in the address. We others withdrew and waited in our cars outside Government House gate, till they joined us. They were in high spirits and altogether we felt a sense of blessing and elation. This was no wonder, for that Address was the first expression of the demand for citizenship made by the women of India, and within ten years they have come into possession of the franchise for both the legislatures and the Local Government bodies on the same terms as men, a woman actually becoming the Deputy President of a Legislative Council by the unanimous election of her fellow-members.

With the advent of a new and most important election of the Legislative Assembly within sight and the canvassing of women voters and the candidature of at least one woman to the Assembly, this account of the first step taken in the march of women's citizenship is appropriate, and should strengthen all of us to attempt whatever seems right and suited to the psychological moment. Women have much to give to public life. If they forget the personal self and its limitations and disqualifications, the life more abundant will flow into them, the ***Shakti*** power will manifest itself through them for the good of the race, for they are its mothers."

OLD-WORLD CHIVALRY

By An Indian Woman

"WE want equality between the sexes, and untrammelled freedom." This is the common slogan of present-day women, and with the banner of "their rights" unfurled, they march ahead to fight for liberty, wherewithal to throw away the shackles that have bound them to an uncongenial and dry-as-dust domestic life for many years. All honour to these women-warriors, and may they win their much-deserved victory over the masculine sex! At the same time, however, let them beware of the consequences; for men (I mean the modern unbalanced youths, whose characters are seldom formed, because they like to indulge in self-centred orgies of frivolous fun) have a habit of turning round and blaming women for whatever evil may result from their quest for equality.

"You wish to be independent," they will say; "you say you are equal to us in every walk of life — well then, don't blame us if we are no longer chivalrous to you, nor regard you with that old-world courtesy and respect that our fathers and grand-fathers once boasted"; and so we find women in the West strap-hanging in buses and trains, while young men, ensconced in comfortable seats, pretend not to notice the discomfort of the "fairer sex"; we sometimes come across men not troubling to stand up when a woman enters a room, or not troubling to open the door when she goes out. Such actions at least can perhaps be excused; but what shall we say of men, who set out to spoil the names of women and take delight in jeopardising their happiness? If accused of callousness, they turn round and glibly say, "The modern woman has asked for it." Can this be excused? Thus, old-world chivalry is dying out, and alas, there are some men whose standards of honour are not as high as they used to be.

"Modern youth is rather impossible," said an European woman to me one day. "I can excuse it anything; but I can't forgive its disrespect to age. Of all things I cannot stand young men or women disregarding the honour due to those older than themselves." I actually came across the following remark the other day from a girl about her mother: "Rumny old thing, isn't she? But she means well, so one can put up with a lot of tommyrot of that sort." Where does the loyalty to one's parents come in, if a girl says to an outsider that she has to "put up with her mother's tommyrot?" So self-satisfied however is the present-day generation with its own characteristics, that it can pass criticisms on people much more experienced than itself, without a quiver of the eye-lid so to speak.

"X is a dog's-body", says Y, because X happens to have done something a little un-congenial to Y; but Y himself may do

the most unworthy things and still think himself, shall we say—"An angel's-body," if spiritual beings can be burdened with body at all. The unchivalrous part of the modern age is thus blind to its own faults, where ready to condemn others for little unconventionalities.

"At the old village club," said a friend to me one day, "the men deal for the women when they play Bridge."

"Oh, I wish some one would do that for me," was my answer.

"That is strange; for I know women, who hate men for dealing for them now-a-days, because they are afraid of their cards being tampered with. Therefore, old-world actions of chivalry exist in very few places," was my friend's remark—and quite true it was too. Thus, men like to take women at their word, in their turn wishing sometimes to be left to themselves, when they can exclaim with a sigh of relief, "Now, we need no longer mind our Ps, and Qs." Yet, have not men misunderstood somewhat the demands of women? Women, no doubt, are claiming freedom, but is not their claim a just one; and at the same time do they not deserve the respect and chivalry of men? After all, they belong to the weaker sex, however arrogant their claims. This is what has to be understood and read between the lines, even when women are rapidly advancing in their acquirement of privileges. All honour, then I say, to the gallant gentlemen, who have preserved their old sense of chivalry and magnanimity!

A Brief Sketch of the Rig Veda

(Continued from the last issue)

By C. V. Narayana Rao Sahib, B. A., B. L., Kandukur.

THE KINGS OF THE RIG VEDA *(Copy-Right)*

THE Aryans did not settle in the Punjab without much difficulty. The country of the five rivers was very fertile. A non-Aryan people, known as the Dasyus, had already settled there and were living in well-built fortified towns, having attained a high degree of material civilization. They knew the art of war, both offensive and defensive. They gave the Aryan settlers, therefore, a tough time.

The *suktas* of the Rig Veda mention the names and exploits of the great Aryan kings, who wrested the Punjab from the Dasyus. The reader should note that a complete connected history of the times is not possible to trace. We can only get some brief stories. It should also be borne in mind, that the narration of the event as found in the Rig Veda differs considerably from the narration of the same facts as described in the Puranas. The Rig Veda gives a contemporary record, while in the Puranas, which were undergoing changes during the period when the stories were handed down from mouth to mouth, the author with fertile imagination, intermixes facts with tradition. The Rig Veda, therefore, is better entitled to command belief than the Puranas.

The first great king of the Aryan people in the land of the Punjab, of whom mention was made, was Nahusha. He was either the father, or the direct ancestor, of Yayati, the next great king. Yayati considerably extended the territory which he inherited from his ancestors. He left five sons, who became progenitors of five dynasties. Their names were Yadu, Turvasa, Druhya, Anu and Puru. On the death of their father, they divided their territory into five indepen-

dent countries, which took their names from their kings. Thus the Aryans became known as the *Yadavas*, the *Turvasas*, the *Dhuhyus*, the *Anus or Anavas*, and the *Purus or Pauravas*. Among these five dynasties, the Yadus and Purus seem to have maintained powerful kingdoms during a long period of time. The fact should be noted, however, that the Aryan people were, on occasions, called the people of the seven clans. The Rig Veda affords evidence that two new clans appeared later on the scene, called the *Tritsus* and the *Bharatas*, who, on certain occasions combined and fought against the original five clans of the Aryans.

Yadu was a powerful king, and a great devotee of Indra. His dynasty continued to rule his clan for a long period.

Puru established a powerful kingdom. He also was a great devotee of Indra, who loved him in return as a special favourite. *Durgata* was a son or a descendant of Puru, and *Purukutsa* was a son of Durgata. On one occasion, the latter was caught by his Dasyu enemies and was kept as a captive. His queen prayed to Indra and Varuna and they were pleased to bless her with a mighty son *Trasadasyu*, who became a great warrior prince. He collected his father's forces and invaded the country of his enemies and got his father released. His name became a terror among the Dasyus. We are told that Trasadasyu was a most liberal prince. He was a *seer* himself, having composed a *Sukta* addressed to Indra and Varuna, his favourite deities. There was a Puru after him who was a contemporary of Divodas and Sudas, the Tritsu kings. It might interest the reader to know that it was a distant descendant of this great Puru, who gave battle to Alexander the Great of Greece, when he invaded India. Alexander was struck with the royal bearing of *Puru*, known as Porus in the Greek language, and he soon became his friend and gave him back his kingdom. *Prithu* was also a great Aryan king. His descendants were known as Parthavas. *Abthyavarthin Chayawana* was a famous descendant of his, as also *Divodasa*, king of the Tritsus, who acquired great fame, being also known as Athithigva, and defeated the Turvasas, one of the five original Aryan clans. Divodasa had also to fight against a great non-Aryan chief, called Sambara. The latter was a great military leader, and rapidly surrounded Divodasa's territory on all sides with a hundred forts, of which Divodasa came to know about too late. But he had implicit confidence in his favourite deities. He invoked the war-god Indra, who came to his rescue, and defeated Sambara. Divodasa's kinsman Paruchechepa was a great Vedic seer, who composed thirteen *suktas*. Divodasa left a son *Sudas*, who became mightier than his father. The kings of the five original Aryan clans were very jealous of the rapid growth of power of Divodasa. When he died, they combined in a powerful confederacy with five non-Aryan kings against young Sudas. But the latter entered into alliance with the Bharatas, the other new clan of Aryan settlers. The two opposing armies met on the bank of the Parushni (Ravi). Vasistha, the family priest of Sudas, and Visvamitra, the chief priest of the Bharatas, invoked Indra for help. Indra appeared on the scene. The powerful confederacy was shattered to pieces and Sudas obtained a complete victory. This glorious exploit was graphically described in the eighteenth *sukta* of the seventh *mandala*. Further, Sudas conquered countries lying East, North and West of his own kingdom. He married a noble princess called Sudevi. Sudas was a devotee of the Aswins as well, who supplied him with abundance of wealth whenever required. *Kutsa* was a very great personality, being on the one side a great king and warrior, and on the other a great *rishi*, thinker and poet. He was a son of the Pandava Arjuna, and belonged to the family of the Angiras. He was a great devotee of Indra, who often met him as a familiar friend, assuming very often the form of Kutsa himself. An incident is noted in the Rig Veda that, when Indra and Kutsa were holding friendly talk, Kutsa's queen entered the apartment and could not

distinguish between the two. Yet the story goes that Kutsa and two other princes were later defeated by another mighty prince, who was also a favourite with Indra.

Kutsa had a kinsman called ***Sudhanvan***, who had three sons Ribhu, Vibhan and Vaja, who on account of their piety and skill were turned into divinities, under the name of the *Ribhus*.

Bharata, the chief of the Bharatas, to which clan Visvamitra also belonged, was a great devotee of Agni The Rig Veda makes no allusion to the story of Sakuntala, which appears in the Mahabharata. In the battle of the Parushni, the Bharatas, as we know, joined the Tritsus and fought against the combined confederacy of Aryan and non-Aryan kings.

Devasravas and ***Devarata*** were the descendants of Bharata, and composed ***suktas***. ***Vamadeva***, the author of the fourth mandala, called himself a Bharata. *Syavasa* was another great Vedic rishi who also claimed descent from Bharata.

Vrishagiri, a great king of the Aryans, was a very hot-tempered man. He was the father of five great sons Rijrasva, Umbarisha, Suradhas, Sahadeva and Bhayamana. In a fit of anger *Vrishagir* put out the eyes of his eldest son Rijrasva.

The latter in his agony and great misfortune, prayed to his deities, the Asvins, who soon restored his eye-sight. Vrishagir took his son again into his favour. On the death of his father, ***Rijrasva*** became king and conquered the Dasyus. Rijrasva also was a Vedic rishi, like Kutsa. He composed a ***sukta*** to Indra and the Maruts. ***Rijisvan*** was another great Aryan king, who was also a Vedic rishi, being a disciple of the great Bharadvaja rishi. Indra helped him to conquer the demons Vangritha, Pipru and Mrigaya. The ***suktas*** composed by rishi Rijisvan are preserved in the Bharadvaja ***mandala***.

Dabhiti was a small king, whose country was frequently raided by non-Aryan hoards under the leadership of two Dasyu chiefs, Chumuri and Dhuni. Dabhiti was forced to pray to Indra to save him and his people from these great Dasyus, and Indra appeared and killed them in battle.

Turviti, son of Vayya, was a heroic prince. On one occasion, Turviti had to cross rivers in flood with a huge army. He invoked the aid of Indra, who stopped the current and made passage easy. ***Chitraradha*** was an unbeliever in the Gods. On one occasion, he began to revile Indra in public. Desiring to prove his reality, Indra appeared on the scene and killed him before all beholders.

Bhujjyu, is an often-quoted name in the Rig Veda. Bhujjyu was the son of Indra. He was, by some conspiracy of his enemies, thrown into the sea. He invoked the Asvins, who speedily went to his rescue and brought him back to his native land. This incident is often mentioned in eulogizing the Asvins.

There is a strange story told about ***Asanga***, another king, a descendant of Yadu. Asanga married a noble princess Sasvati, who was an exemplary wife. ***Svanadratha*** was the son of this happy couple. Asanga was a most liberal prince; but, by some misfortune, he incurred the displeasure of the Gods, who cursed him and changed him into a woman. The grief of Asanga and his faithful consort was indiscribable. The faithful Sasvati fell at the feet of their family guru and begged him to get the misfortune removed. The great rishi prayed to Indra and recounted to him the liberality of this family of princes. Indra was pleased to remove the curse and Asanga was restored to manhood.

Santanu and ***Devapi*** were brothers, being the sons of prince Ristashena. On the death of the father, the elder son Santanu succeeded to the rule of his people. The younger son turned to religion and became a rishi. A terrible famine once ravaged the country. People died of pestilence. Dasyu hoards began to rob

people of what little they had. The king instituted a mighty sacrifice for the Gods. Ninety-nine thousand cart-loads of fuel were offered to Agni, and all the Gods were pleased at this mighty sacrifice and removed all the calamities.

There are many other princes in the Rig-Veda, who were all very pious, and devoted to the gods. Their liberality was highly extolled by the rishis, who received magnificent gifts from them. They ruled their people with paternal love, seeking the advice of their ***purohits***, whenever a difficulty arose. The average spirituality of the Aryans of those days was very high and therefore the Gods freely appeared and moved among the people. As time went on, however, this faith grew less, and the divine response also diminished.

Though the ancient Aryans were so high in spirituality, they did not appear to have attained any high degree of material civilization. The Rig Veda was significantly, silent in the matter of Aryan townships though frequent mention was made of the forts of the Dasyus, who seemed to have been more materially civilized.

The fact also should be noted that the Rig-Veda did not applaud the military skill or tactics of the Aryan kings and chiefs. Nor did it describe any military weapons or armours of skilful design, by means of which victories in battles were secured. On the other hand, Bharadvaja rishi very significantly said "my nearest and closest mail of protection is prayer." The recent discoveries made in the Indus valley by excavations made near Mahengo-Daro and other places bring to light the old town built by non-Aryan tribes, who were probably the people known in the Rig Veda as Dasyus. Those non-Aryan towns show how high the Dasyus had risen in material civilization. It is certain that the ancient Aryan settlers had to fight a people, who would have been more than a match for them, if not for the help of the Gods.

The Rig-Veda stands for all eternity as the most magnificent monument of an eternal principle, which must be of the highest significance to humanity, if it desires to maintain its continued existence in this world of matter. All human conduct performed under the guidance and control of higher spiritual beings, will produce benefits to humanity, enduring longer than those attained only under material considerations. Further there is no doubt that, when spiritual force and physical power encounter each other, the former, though it may seem feeble in appearance, triumphs over the latter, in spite of its more formidable appearance.

INDIAN FOLK SONGS

The *Modern Review* gives a short account of some of these. As natural outlets of self-expression of the people, especially of village folk, such songs ought to be carefully studied; for, as Tagore said, "Villages are like women. In their keeping is the cradle of the race. They are nearer to Nature than towns, and are, therefore, in closer touch with the fountain of life. They have the atmosphere which possesses a natural power of healing. It is the function of the villages, like that of women, to provide people with their elemental needs, with food and joy, with the simple poetry of life, and with those ceremonies of beauty, which the village spontaneously produces and in which she finds delight."

Folk songs, always dear to old saints, philosophers, court poets and court-singers, are usually sweet and simple lyrics, which have become traditional; even while in

modern days, new melodies are added, which in their turn are transmitted to later ages. They embody old-world tales and legends, important events of the village and the simple joys and sorrows of the people. Many of them have refrains. They are couched in an easy and pleasant style of language, with homely comparisons and natural metres and rhymes. "Each song has its own beauty and charm. If one is a flow of tears, the other is a cup brimful of smiles; if one is a dream of the past, the other is a spring-melody of the near future; if one is a romance of love, beauty and youth, the other is a wail of ripe old age, awaiting death. Each song has its own rambling vibrations that entertain the children of the peasantry with a novelty of method."

Very often, dancing accompanies the songs which are found in different languages in different parts of India. Here are some examples.

A shepherd's song runs thus:

"On the top of that far-off hill
There stands a Jaru plant, my love!
Only two flowers, blossomed flowers, there are on it,
One for thee and the other for me, my love."

(A Khondh Folk-song)

Here is a spring-song:

"Withered are the flowers
Jessamine, Champa, Motia and Bela:
Nothing but dry blades of grass they are
As compared with the fresh flower of love"

(A Nepali Folk-song.)

A maid begs her father to choose the right sort of bridegroom for her:

"Marry me not, O marry me not, O father!
O marry me not, to an aged man, O father!
No time shall I find to comb my hair,
Before widowhood comes to me, O father!
Marry me not, O marry me not, O father,
O marry me not to a man in service, O father!
Orders of his master, O the orders of his master
Will send him abroad, O father!
Marry me not, O marry me not, O father
Marry me not, O father, to a man of distant land
Offer my hand, O offer my hand, O father,
Offer my hand, O father, to a shepherd of my sweet Motherland"

(A Goddi Folk-song from Kangra hills)

A youth thus expresses his love:

"Some sing street-songs and the others adore
The river-bank-pebbles in their lore;
There is a *Kacha* road in 'Utman Jaiee'
Really a life-giving thing to me,
A short path, a dirty way, no goal it has.
But the way of Paradise, the happy abode of my sweet-heart,
Springs out of this tiny path."

(A Pashto Folk-song)

Some cradle-songs are worth noting:

"What is my baby made of?
O what is my baby made of?
Whether of gold or of silver:
O what is my baby made of?
To thy mother thou art as dear, my baby!
As the clove, she wears on her nose.
To thy grandfather and mother thou art as dear, my baby!
As the collyrium of their eyes.
To the strangers thou art as dear, my baby
As a little gentleman, O as a little gentleman.
Come, my baby, beating and slashing,
(Anyone who disturbs thee in thy way.)
Come after touring throughout Bihar,
And bring for us beautiful presents.
Bring for thy mother a *mokhana* cloth
And for thy dear sister, a pretty sari.
Come after touring throughout Bihar
And bring for thy paternal aunt a sari made at Jagali."

(A Bihari Cradle-song)

"O thou art a sweet present of my gods, my baby!
O thou art a cherished boon of my prayers, my baby!
Live long, O live long, my baby!
When once to thy mother's lap hast thou come, my baby!
To offer flowers I ran to the temple of Siva,
The Lord was pleased and I got thee, my baby!
O thou art my ready cash, my baby!
O thou art my fragrant rose, my baby!
Live long, O live long, my baby!
When once to thy mother's lap hast thou come, my baby!"

(A Gujarati Cradle-song)

" A time lamp lightens the whole house,
The moon lightens the whole sky.
A tiny lamp lightens the whole palace,
My tiny child lightens the pupil of my eye."

(A Telugu Cradle-song.)

There are also comic songs, of which the following is an example:

" Very kind of you that you have come,
But no room for you have I, friend.
Return, O return to your home
By the same way you came to me, friend.
A drop of water I would have offered you;
Sorry, no water in my cracked jar;
Don't sit, make haste and see your way,
How long will you stand, O friend so dear.
A fine seat I would have offered you
And could allow you to sit and take rest;
Alas ! some child has taken it for a while away,
It was the only seat I ever had, my friend.
Some oil certainly I would have given you,
On your body you could have rubbed it;
It is your ill luck that some pepper is mixed in it,
Your eyes will burn, friend, if you use it.
The tale of my joys and sorrows I could have told you;
But, sorry, friend, from fever am I suffering;
Don't sit, O don't sit near a sick person,
Make haste, friend, and reach your home.
A *pan* I would have prepared for you, friend;
But, sorry, no betel-nut is available;
See, there lies the empty *pan-dan*, friend,
Nothing but stray tobacco leaves are in it.
With a sweet dish I would have entertained you,
Yesterday, if you were here, my friend,
Its taste you could ever remember,
So delicious was the dish, my friend;
So late it is turning, O friend so dear,
At a long distance is your home from here,
Make haste, stay no more and go away,
With a happy heart will I welcome thee, some other day.

THINK RIGHT

(BY DAVID V. BUSH).

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;
Think doubt, and hope will flee.
Think faith, and faith's at hand;
Think ill—it stalks the land.
Think love, and love will grow;
Think hate, and hate you'll know.
Think good, and good is here;
Think vice—its jaws appear!
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends;
Think gloom, and dusk descends.
Think peace, sublime and sweet,
And you that peace will meet.
Think fear, with brooding mind,
And failure's close behind.
Think this: " I'M GOING TO WIN ! "
Think not on what has been.
Think " VICTORY ;" think " I CAN ! "
Then you're a WINNING MAN !

—*From the Stri Dharma.*

JAN 1935

Miss Shubh Vati Sharma, the first lady to pass the B. T. in the Punjab University. She belongs to the Saraswat Brahmin community. She has been made Head Mistress of the Arya Girls' School in Simla.

PHOTO BY INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SREERANGAM

Miss Mitho Bai M. Chinnoy, who stood first among 18000 candidates in the Bombay Matriculation examination. She was awarded the Dr. Dadabhoy Naoroji Scholarship.

PHOTO BY INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SREERANGAM

OUR SERIAL STORY

Detective Janaki

By K. S.

[Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her; she must either marry Natesan or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she had answered. He tells her he has a past which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his permission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding. Then, she succeeds in another case, in which she is able to give back a lost daughter to her parents. In her third case, she restores a husband to happiness with his wife. In her fourth case, she is able to save a victim of religious fanaticism. In her fifth case, she helps her friend, Menaka, to regain her happiness. In her sixth case, she helps Gopalan, a Naidu by caste, and Uma, a Brahmin girl, who are in love with each other. Uma's mother dies suddenly. Gopalan is accused of murdering her, by Sankara Sastri, who also wishes to marry Uma. But Janaki discovers that Uma's mother really killed herself to escape a dreadful dilemma. Uma's father is persuaded to consent to her marriage with Gopalan. Uma, however, persuaded by Sankara Sastri and Sivaram, that she is heir to a legacy of lunacy, runs away. Janaki traces her out, gets the mystery cleared up and gives happiness to the young couple. Then she solves the problem of a lost baby, incidentally being able to find out what the undesirable past of her husband was. She also is brought more into touch with Sivaram, her old enemy, and now the enemy of her husband also.]

CHAPTER XIV.

"JANAKI" said Seshan to her after a few days, "Is there any use in your encouraging Sivaram to come here? You know he is my enemy, and also yours. Yet he is here almost every day, and you have long talks with him."

Janaki was silent, then she asked quietly, "Is there much harm in that?"

"Not as far as I am concerned: but the world will think otherwise. See Janaki, here is an anonymous letter about you and him. It comes from the Sastri's house."

"Not from the Sastri himself?"

"Oh no, but from his women perhaps. It is written rather badly."

"You said you would not believe bad things about me."

"True"

"Is that because you don't care?"

"Is that a fair question? I might ask the same of you. Perhaps you still have faith in me, though you know I have been a thief, because you do not care enough to be disappointed in me."

"What a paradox!" cried Janaki, half-sobbing. "Oh, I wish I were dead."

"You are getting hysterical, Janaki. All this has been too much for you."

"Will you let me ask you one question, Seshan? Have you still got the photo of that–that–lady, to whom you were first engaged?"

At that point-blank question, poor Seshan actually began to blush. He stammered. Why should that query be put to him, he asked. Janaki looked straight at him and nodded sadly.

"I know that," she said, "and—I admire your constancy, Seshan. Go on being faithful to her. As for me"—she turned away, the

tears dropping down her face. Seshan stood at first tongue-tied before her, then murmured,

"I am sorry you are so unhappy, Janaki; I would do anything to make you happy. Tell me what you want. I cannot quite place your impulses. Sometimes your ideas, fine as they are, make me breathless. You see I am used to the quiet type of girl—like—"

"Like that other girl?"

"Ye-es. She was very gentle and dignified, and-and-"

"Would never have done what I did with Sivaram?"

"Perhaps," he consented rather sheepishly, and then continued. "Never mind all that. Tell me what you want. Is it that in spite of your wonderful and superb loyalty to me, you doubt me in your heart of hearts? Is it that you prefer Sivaram to me? Only say so, and I shall do my best to set you free. You remember our compact?"

At that last insult of all—as it seemed to her—poor Janaki turned tail and fairly ran away.

After a while, she sat quietly in her room and had a long argument with herself. Seshan evidently thought she disapproved of him and liked Sivaram better. For a moment, she felt tempted to let him go on believing that. Perhaps, it would make him jealous, and through jealousy become as fond of her as she wished him to be. But then, her inherent honesty of purpose rose up in arms. How could she allow him to go on believing what was a lie? She hated Sivaram, and she adored her husband, whatever his past was. So, that was that!

It was obvious then, that, if she were to please her husband, she must send away Sivaram altogether. But, how could she do that? He had shown her proofs of Seshan's complicity in their little party of "honest robbers". Sivaram had been the chief of it, and so had kept himself rather extraordinarily exempt from the oath taken by its members not to betray one another. If therefore, she was to free herself and her husband from Sivaram, she must somehow get proofs of his guilt and keep them for a counter-attack on him. After that, she and her husband would go back to their old humdrum relationship. There could be no hope for her of that exquisite happiness of which she sometimes dreamt. Seshan still believed in her; but most probably in his heart of hearts he also thought her a flighty, excitable creature. Had he not confessed as much a little while ago?

In any case, he talked about things, as if he did not care for her, and there was that other girl, of whom, dead though she was, Janaki felt so jealous. How she hated her reported gentleness and dignity, which was so unlike her own impulsiveness. Anyhow, Janaki could not, indeed would not, change her nature. It was a case of "Love me, love my dog."

But, how to get the proofs? There was no use, she felt, in asking her husband to get them. For so many years, he had not cared to get himself free. And had he not dared Sivaram to do his worst? Everything was, therfore, up to her; and she must act without her husband's knowledge, for he would not allow her, either to be so friendly with Sivaram as to beg a favour of him, or to run into danger as Sivaram's enemy. No, she must go away from her husband for a while, in order that she may set matters in action.

Should she then try to coax the proof from Sivaram? But that would neither be easy nor advisable? The only course, therefore, left open to her was to get it from him, by force or strategy. She knew he had settled down in the house of Sankara Sastri, his brother-in-law.

Two days passed, and then, as usual, an idea suddenly came to her; and after weighing all the *pros* and *cons* of it she began to act on it. She told her husband that she needed a change badly, and that she would go for some time to her friend Menaka. Seshan agreed, though rather sadly. So Janaki took her departure, and at Menaka's house she proceeded to act further.

CHAPTER XV.

Sivaram was feeling very happy and cheerful. He expressed as much to Sankara Sastri, though he knew the latter was not as friendly to him as before.

"I have got that proud Janaki under my thumb at last," he said gleefully. "Time was

when her ladyship would not look at me, in spite of her first escapade with me. But that was not her fault, and there was no harm done. Now, she dare not repulse me; for, if she does, I shall have her husband put in goal. I myself am quite safe."

" Yes, dishonestly safe, Sivaram."

" True, but I have got what I want. And now that the new clerk, Jayaram, has got into our ways, and we know him so well, I am seriously thinking of starting a new league."

"If it is like the old one, I shall not allow it."

" Indeed? And how? And what price your own safety then? I have got proofs against you too, you know. But never worry. My new scheme is rather different from the old."

" And as shady?"

" Well, you never can tell. But here comes Jayaram with some letters."

The man, who entered, was short and slim, of a light colour and with regular features. He was dressed in English style, except that he wore a turban on his head. He and his employer went into some matters of business. Letters were dictated and taken down, and then Sivaram took his clerk into the next room, to show him some confidential papers.

It was curious to see what an interest Jayaram seemed to take in that safe. With keen eyes, he watched the key used in what after all was just a *Chubb's* lock, with no combination to set. Inside, however, was another locked box. Sivaram turned with a grin to Jayaram. "That is where I keep my most secret papers," he boasted. "None can get at them, because the keys are round my neck, and I am a very light sleeper. Besides, the box is chained to the safe. They are safe from you, my lad. But I know I can trust you. Now, see here—"

Again they went into some business. As they were finishing it, they heard the Sastri talking to another man in the next room. It was funny that Jayaram should start and turn pale at that voice, and become rather distracted.

He put his hand to his head, and Sivaram laughed. "I can see that I am working you too hard, my boy," he said. "You look tired. You can go now."

Jayaram, however, stayed behind, asking permission to look again at some papers, murmuring something about points he had not understood. Sivaram locked the safe and went into the next room. Immediately, the young clerk,—it would have been guessed by this time who he was—suspended business and began to listen carefully, edging nearer the door.

" Give me the documents of proof", urged the harsh voice Jayaram, *alias* Janaki, had recognised. It was none other than that of the recalcitrant priest who had attempted to worst her in the matter of the devotee whom she had rescued in one of her cases. "We had better hurry about what we have to do. I must get some more signatures on them from some people, whom we know about."

"They are quite good enough without them."

" I know that" said the priest. "But we had better have them to make sure. I don't know what Seshan is up to. He seems to be busy about secret matters. You know he is friendly with the D. S. P. He might betray us at any time. Besides, I have a grudge against that wife of his. She is a bold hussy, and once actually stole away one of my most promising victims. I must pay her back. Have you got the papers handy?"

Seshan hesitated. Evidently he did not quite trust the priest. He hummed and hawed. At last, he said he would make a copy of the papers and give it to him later. The priest said he would copy them then and there; still Sivaram hesitated. The man then started to storm; but Sankara Sastri threw oil on troubled waters by a quiet explanation. Yet the priest did not go away without a last word of spite. "I know", he said, " why you will not let me see the papers. Your own name is implicated in them, chief as you were. You are afraid of being betrayed, eh?"

Then the priest went away, and Jayaram came out ruffling his papers ostentatiously. He asked for some more explanations in rather an unsteady voice, and went away.

Janaki's—to give her her right name—first

thought was that she must hurry with what she had to do. Evidently Sivaram soon intended to betray Seshan, whether she herself was kind to him, or not; he was not loyal to her; or perhaps his hand was being forced. There could be no hope in Sankara Sastri, for he also would probably be in the same boat as Seshan. What was she to do? She thought steadily. The papers of her husband's guilt must be in the safe. With them must be surely, as the priest said, some proof of Sivaram's guilt also. She must secure them some-how. Anxiously, she went to her lodgings and summoned to consultation her two faithful attendants, who were none other than the two social workers, who had been her helpers before in another case. They came to her aid with a futile suggestion. "Steal the keys," they said. But how? They would assault the man and take them from him. "But he never comes out now," said Janaki, "without some attendants, or friends with him. He is too careful of himself." Then she cried out! "I have it. He takes some cocoa every night before bed, about nine o'clock. I shall slip in about that time on the plea of an urgent communication, and put an opiate into it. Everything depends on myself and my wits. You must be ready for me outside the Sastri's gates in a car."

After their dinner was over, Sivaram and the Sastri were lounging in two easy chairs on the verandah, trying to get cool before going to bed. Suddenly, an apologetic voice was heard. It was Jayaram's.

"Oh sir," He said appearing before them. "I am so sorry to disturb you. But I forgot what you told me about that urgent letter. Please forgive me."

"You are getting careless, Jayaram," rebuked Sivaram; "but I excuse you this time, as you are a good lad, and were very tired this evening. Come along and I shall dictate the reply again to you. But, where is that man with our cocoa? He is always late."

"Sir, I shall get it for you," cried Janaki seizing the heaven-sent opportunity.

"Please don't worry."

"Not at all. I shall just hurry the servant up."

He rushed from the room. After a while he came out with a tray, on which were two cups. Putting down the tray, he took one cup and gave it to the Sastri. Then he gave the other to Sivaram, who laughed.

"You do not know how to serve, my man", he said, "You should have handed the tray to each in turn. Never mind; won't you get a cup for yourself?"

Janaki excused herself, and waited till the cocoa was drunk, and then took the reply to her letter. Then she said she wanted some reference in a book, which she knew was in her employer's room. He told her to get it for herself, and to hurry, as he was feeling sleepy and must go to bed. She went and quietly slipped away the bolt from a side-door, leaving enough on so as not to cause her enemy to notice that the door was unbolted. Then she went away.

Two hours later, she returned, still in her disguise.

She went to the side-door. Her great fear was that Sivaram would have seen that the bolt was loose, and would have pushed it home again. In that case, she would have had to try to open another door or window. But heaven was on her side. Easily the bolt slipped, and she entered the room. Sivaram lay sleeping soundly, breathing very stertorously, his mouth open. Janaki felt sorry for him, but knew she was doing nothing really against him. On the other hand, she was helping him to be loyal to his friends. Then, she moved close to him, hating to touch him, but nerving herself to do so. Softly she opened his shirt-buttons, slipped in her hands, took up the cord on which hung the keys, and cut it with a pen-knife she had brought with her. Then, she stepped across to the safe. She opened it, and then felt for the box inside, for it was nearly dark in the room. Unfortunately she had forgotten to bring a torch with her. In her hurry and nervousness, she hit the box against the safe, and there was quite a loud clang. She trembled and, putting the box back, slipped behind the safe, But the drugged sleep of her enemy held good. Janaki slipped out again, and took out the box. As she tried to fit a key into it, what was her horror to hear a slight noise at the door! She stared at it. It was being pushed open. Some-one entered. Janaki could not see who it was, but by his height and appearance thought it might be the Sastri. Quickly she put the box

back, and tried to slip behind the safe again. but she was too late. The Sastri strode forward, switching on his torch, and caught her by the hand. Janaki struggled, and her turban fell off. The thick knot of her hair, tucked away inside, became loosened, and fell in a cloud on her shoulders. She stood revealed as a woman, and as Janaki. The Sastri stared at her.

"Hullo, hullo," he said, "Why are you here? So you are Jayaram, are you? Have you come to steal anything, or are you still working as a detective? Or, have you left your husband, and joined our friend here? Surely not that."

Janaki had done her best to hush him, and now they were talking in whispers.

"I am my husband's honoured wife still," she said, "but I have come to steal the papers."

"What papers?"

"The proofs against him. Oh, Sastri, help me to free him. And, we shall get you free too. Help me. Don't betray me."

In her extremity, she had fallen on her knees before him. He now lifted her up and quieted her.

"All right, all right," he said, "steady on. I shall help you, for I too hate him. I repented long ago, but had to be loyal to my chief; and I am blessed if I shall be forced to join in other schemes again. Come, where are the keys? Here is my torch."

In their hurry, they forgot to notice that the snoring from the bed had stopped. Evidently the dose had not been strong enough for Sivaram to keep him asleep long. He woke up and heard the whispering and the noise. He felt for his keys. They were not there. Suspecting the worst, he trembled with fear. Then, remembering that he had a loaded revolver in a box on his table, he slipped across as gently as his shaking limbs would allow him to, and took out the weapon. Then he stepped across to the light-switch and put it on. Suddenly, a light flooded the room, revealing the Sastri and a woman at the safe. They had opened the box and had taken out some papers. Sivaram bellowed like an angry bull, and called to his servants for help. But the Sastri said quietly,

"Drop that revolver, Sivaram, and keep silence. If your servants come, I shall denounce you as a thief."

"What? When you are the thieves yourselves? Oh, monstrous! I'll kill you."

"If you do, you'll be hanged. Keep quiet. I tell you. I hear your servants at the door, Tell them to go away."

Sivaram, overawed as always by the stronger will, did as ordered; and then stared at Janaki. "Why is she here?" he whispered. Then he looked her up and down. "Oh, you are Jayaram, are you? I am in a nice pickle, I can see."

"You are", said the Sastri. "We have your papers proving your guilt." This was merely bluff on his part, for he had not had time to read them; but it worked. Sivaram squirmed. Sankara Sastri observed his fear, and calmly asked him what he proposed to do.

"I cannot think of anything", cried the poor wretch.

"Well", said Janaki, "I shall tell you what I'll do. But first, tell me have you other proofs or papers connected wlth this case elsewhere?"

"No".

"Will you swear?"

"Yes, I swear by the head of my son".

"Anyhow, you must write me a confession, implicating my husband too if you like, and Sankara Sastri also. We shall lodge this in the Bank. Then we shall all be safe. And I shall burn all these papers. Will that do?"

It did. Both the men stared at her in wonder.

"A noble woman indeed", said the Sastri with genuine admiration, and even Sivaram agreed.

Every-thing was done as scheduled, and Janaki was at last free. She felt utterly weary and on the verge of collapse, but oh, she was so grateful to God. She had saved her husband and set him free. The rest could go as it pleased. She tottered weakly to the car waiting for her, and was just able to go through the journey to Menaka's house. Then

she fell into the arms of her friend; and thereafter she knew nothing for a time.

She came to consciousness two days later, after a sharp attack of fever. She asked weakly of Menaka if she had said anything in her delirium. She was told that something had been disclosed: and that Menaka had heard all about the rest from the Sastri, who had come to see Janaki. "But don't be afraid, my dear", said the loyal friend. "Your secret is safe with me. The only liberty I have taken is to write yesterday to your husband, telling him all that you have done for him."

Janaki looked scared; yet she was pleased in her heart of hearts. She herself could not have told it to her husband. He would come to see her soon, if only for the sake of expressing his gratitude.

"Yet, what is the use?" she said to herself. "I can never get what I want."

Seshan arrived promptly a few hours later to see her. He seemed so concerned for her, that he could hardly express his feelings. But she understood, and after a while they talked together amicably.

But our Janaki was made of sterner stuff than to acquiesce meekly in a half-and-half arrangement, though she had intended at first to do so. A few days later, when she had gone back to her own home, as she and Seshan sat one evening on the verandah, she broached the subject to him.

"Seshan", she said, "I am fairly sick of our life. What is the use of it?"

"Why?" he asked quickly, "Aren't you happy?"

"Happy? No."

"I am so sorry, Janaki, that things have happened, as they have, that I have been proved a criminal, that–that–Sivaram had to go away–"

"What has Sivaram to do with us?" asked Janaki bravely.

"He is the man you have always liked, Janaki. Please understand that I don't blame you, for you have known him so long; and after all, matters of the heart can't be regulated, can they?"

"You are very magnanimous, Seshan. But let us sift the question. You think I am disappointed in you, because you have been—a criminal: you think that I like Sivaram better. But, isn't he also a criminal?"

"Yes, but love forgives crimes."

"Aren't you contradicting yourself? You think I don't like you; how then can I like him?"

"I don't know, Janaki. I give it up."

There was a pause. All round them was a soft darkness. Some bright stars glittered in front of them in a clear sky. The fragrance of some night-flowers rose softly to them. The tears gathered in Janaki's eyes, as she felt the hopelessness of the situation. Why was life so hard? At last, not able to bear the tension longer, she turned to her husband. "Let us separate", she said, "according to our ancient compact. I shall stay with my father and go on with my detective work– and you...," her voice broke in sobs.

Seshan got out of his chair and fell on his knees beside her.

"My dear, my dear," he said, "I am so sorry you want to go. Why do you hate me so much? Can't you stay with me? I shall be so lonely without you."

"Yes, but you don't really want me."

"Don't I?"

"I can't bear this friendship sort of love."

"Friendship? Is it mere friendship to be always wanting to be with you. Oh, Janaki... I......Oh......I can't express my feelings. But, I cannot do without you."

She waited in a sort of ecstasy. Her very silence, however, unnerved the shy man. He sighed and made as if to get up; at that Janaki quickly felt for his hands and took them into her own.

"Seshan," she murmured, "I hate to hurt you; but I must know. What about the other girl? Is she still more to you than I?"

He looked at her with amazement. In the faint light, her eyes shone like stars in their tears. His own eyes lost themselves in them.

"Janaki, why do you harp on that question? Does it, can it, mean that you want me to care for you, as I did for her?"

"Ah! you talk in the past tense. Tell me, tell me, what I want to know."

For answer, he took out the little locket hanging round his neck, and opened it.

"See here," he said "Whose picture is this?"

Janaki peered down and saw her own likeness.

"I took off the other long ago; and I put this in. Oh, Janaki, I have always loved you, from the moment I saw your dear face in the garden, and you proposed marriage to me."

"I proposed?"

"Yes, you!"

"Who advertised?"

"Well, well. Let us be grateful that one marriage at least through advertisement has surprisingly proved a success."

The End

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

College Girls

THIS is the age of youth. And not the least sign of encouragement of the correct growth of the young spirit of India is the rush to college life of girls. The ideals of such a life must be high, if India is to advance. I lately came across, in the *Parents' Magazine*, a letter written by a mother to a daughter going to college. Comparing the standards of 1811 with those of 1934, the mother advised broad-mindedness to the girl in the matter of friendship, though none should "go crawling after an advantageous contact." She said:

"Behold yourself, the product of a cosmopolitan city, and of many of the advantages that it can offer. You are going to a college which draws its students from all over this broad country, many of whom have not had the opportunity to acquire the external cosmopolitan manner. Be very careful that you do not underestimate the mental capacity of those whose outer finish differs from your own, and be still more careful that your external manner does not alienate girls from different backgrounds. The nugget of talent is apt to lie hidden in unpolished rock, so beware of rejecting mental gifts because its wrapping is not to your liking."

How applicable should this be to India, with its vast Harijan population!

The mother again advised, "A decent degree of industry", added to "interest and joy of accomplishment", careful management of available funds; an "adult acceptance of rules," regarding them "as traffic regulations devised to keep the college life glowing pleasantly for all;" consideration to parents at home shown in writing them regular letters; adherence to some sort of "religious concept" and worship.

In addition, there should be courtesy to others, and an observation of good ideals and principles of life. What Dr. Tagore advised lately to girl-students in Madras is very apt to this point. He said:

"It is needless to say that our girls should have perfect manners in their behaviour towards each other and in their dealings with outsiders. It is ugly to be unmannerly and particularly for women it is unpardonable.

Moderation in behaviour, in social communication, in expressions of emotion, is an essential part of good manners. We should remember that boisterousness must never be mistaken for exuberance of spirit. Good manners should be an outcome of good nature which reveals itself by willingly respecting others' legitimate claims, even going out of one's way to look to their convenience. It is positively objectionable to be noisy in the neighbourhood when some one is studying, to disturb one who wants to go to bed when it is due time, and to enter somebody else's room without permission, ransacking her things, making her bed untidy, looking into her papers or letters, taking away books or articles of use. To get addicted to the pernicious habit of enjoying and circulating scandals and mischievous gossip breeds in one's character a vulgarity of a malignant type which must be completely eradicated from our nature."

It is needless to say that the modern college girl has to be trusted and left to herself a good deal. As the ***Parents' Magazine*** observed, girls are sent away from home to find out for themselves what they are good for, and what they wish to do about it. "Come back with your shift, or on it," is the final advice of the mother mentioned above, in pursuance of the advice of Spartan matrons; but whatever happened, she would always be the loving mother.

Good advice to college girls was lately given by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Through the dreams they dream and the vision they see, they should search their hearts for practical ideals of service to humanity. "Stupid humility, evasion of duty, polite and spurious modesty" should be given up; and responsibilities shouldered. There is much to be done in India. Aid to "orphans crying for compassionate help," a reply to "the wail of widows reaching down the corridors of Time," an answer to the appeal of illiterate women for enlightenment, and the necessity in villages for counsel, guidance and succour, the forwarding of Swadeshi industries by the reviving of old arts and crafts, the renaissance of all our literatures, the revival of our music and a new vision of architecture are all high ideals for young people.

One should apply to one's land what Princess Karthiga Thirunal of Travancore said lately, when speaking of her country:

"Every one who has any experience of the crafts and industries of an indigenous State must be convinced by the sense of beauty and symmetry inherent in the community. Essentially all art is world-wide in character, but there is a difference between slavish imitation of foreign models and the assimilation of foreign excellences.

Let us remember what notable contributions have been made by small countries and special cultures like those of Wales, Ireland, Denmark, the Bali and Cumbodia, and let us strive to preserve the characteristics of our many-sided art and enrich it by intelligent and discriminating assimilation of the best from the outside."

A good principle for girls is to form the reading habit, as Mr. Chinnathamby advises in the ***Hindu***. It is sad that many Indian girls throw aside all books when they leave school or college. But a habit should be formed of reading. For instance, the following up of a theme of interest and importance, such as a comparative method between the factors of progress of various countries, will be of value. The best biographies, and the published speeches of great patriots in history and politics, the best literature to be had from the East and

West, will prove of interest, alternated for the sake of relaxation, by good and well-written fiction.

Problems before Women

THE conference of the *International Co-operative Women's Guild*, which was held a few months ago, to which 500 women delegates went from 37 different nations, considered important problems, the chief of which was the ideal of peace for which it was said, especially mothers, should work. Then, an international *Housewives' Charter* was discussed, of which the following was a programme:

"Recognition of the work of the woman in her home as a valuable social and economic service;

Security of living conditions for the housewife by means of State social insurance and voluntary Co-operative insurance societies;

Participation of women in all inquiries and investigations affecting the social and economic position of women;

Participation of women in administrative work of housing reform;

Provision through Municipalities and Co-operative societies of technical aids to housework;

Recognition of the rights of mothers and housewives to freedom and holidays in the interests of health; and collaboration of the housewives of all countries in the service of international understanding and peace.

I came across lately a few more problems in the *Y. W. C. A. News of Southern India*. One is the case of women, who are too old to be trained to present-day work. Every consideration should be paid them, such as increased pensions aud provident funds, shelter in good circles for the poor among them, as well as the providing of easy work.

Then there are younger women, who are unemployed and untrained for efficient service. Such should be helped to make themselves fit for good work by extra classes in schools and technical institutions.

There are many labour problems to be considered. In 1930, a standing committee was formed by the National Council of Women in India to enquire about labour conditions. Later, meetings were held. In 1933, the Bombay Provincial Women's Conference at Bombay made suggestions: (1) to form a study Circle to study and help on labour problems (2) to persude employers to engage educated and trained women in their mills. Since then, more careful investigation has been done.

The problems of child-labour in India have also been carefully considered, and much has been done for the protection of children.

With regard to the education of the illiterate, which is so much needed in India, the five-year plan evolved by the Mysore Women's Conference is a good one, which ought to be followed by other countries. The employment of graduates in each constituent area to help local presidents, in centres where work is carried on according to a carefully laid-out syllabus, is a good idea. Social work is to consist of maternity, child-welfare and healthwork, rural reconstruction, help in prisons and hospitals, the encouragement of music, needlework and industrial activities, recreation and physical exercise, etc. Educational work includes instruction in up-to-date movements, with reading of papers, useful teaching of history and geography, moral and religious teaching, reading of ancient literature, instruction in the three 'R's, travelling libraries, the publication of periodicals in the vernaculars, and easy pamphlets on important subjects, debates, *Harikathas* and so on.

In this way, it is hoped that 50 per cent of the ignorant will become literate within five years.

SUGGESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE

(Continued from last issue)

By SAHODARI

IV. ENTERTAINMENT

"I did not mention what subject I was taking up to-day, because I was not sure of it", said Miss Sarada, the Head of the Etiquette school. "The field is a large one, and I do not wish to impose my views on you too much. Let us continue to think about the entertainment of guests. I think we must put ourselves in the place of the young wife just beginning 'home' for her husband. What should be the principles of conduct for her guidance? The first thing to remember is that by becoming a wife she has promised to help her husband in everything. She must, therefore, make his friends comfortable in her house, not only by pleasantly conversing with them, but also by thoughtful entertainment. Remember that 'friends' include men also. I have often seen young women rushing inside, as soon as a man caller is announced. Why? He is not going to eat you up. Of course, if he has come on business, it is good for you to go away; but if not, sit and talk to him. Even if your husband is not in, you can receive him for a while and be courteous. Don't let yourself be conscious that he is a man. This applies also to club-life. Be friends with the men, but do not flirt with them, or lead them to think you are doing so. There is no harm, for instance, in driving out with a trusted friend, if your husband allows it, or in playing tennis with him, or partnering him at tournaments. But do not do it too much, for India is, as you know, a place for scandal, quite different from England. It is all very well for modern young women to crave for liberty. Liberty is wanted indeed; but there is a limit to it; and a young woman has to consider, not only herself, but her husband and her family.

Then, there is the question of paying calls. In India, new-comers have to drop cards on the older residents. Many of our Indian wives do not follow this custom, when they arrive at a new station. Yet, when they themselves are the residents, they expect to be called on. It is a mistake, of course, to be too rigid in such matters; but the general rule had better be followed. The wife can drop her husband's cards also, without his going with her, one card of Mr. and Mrs. for a lady and one card of Mr. for a man.

In many places now, of course, these same cards can be left at a club, or even sent by post under certain circumstances. When you have finished your calls, be ready to receive return calls. Keep yourself neat and tidy, your children clean and fresh, and your sitting-room etc., in good order."

"Then, there is the question of entertaining", said Miss Sundari, the Assistant, when the Head had paused to take breath, "When people ask you to teas, lunches, or dinners, you must invite them back. I know of several young officials, whose wives do not do this; but this is not right in modern society, when everything is reciprocated, as it were. And, when people come to your house, do not keep away from meals, even if you are ***purdah***, or even if you cannot eat the food served to your guests. Let your presence be there. It is very hard for young officers to be handicapped in this way."

"There is also no use of excusing yourself by your ignorance of English", said Miss Sarada. "It is better to learn enough of it to keep up a conversation. After all, English is a common language, and a good one to boot."

"Make your house a pleasant place of rendezvous for your friends, as a matter of fact", said the Assistant. "Be the gracious hostess of it, kindly, gentle, considerate; and your husband will simply worship you more and more as time passes, for he will find you a veritable 'crown' on his brow".

"There is another thing a young wife has to remember," said Miss Sarada. "She must learn to order her house-hold and her domestic staff according to rules, so that everything moves on oiled wheels, as it were; servants doing their duties at stated times and attending carefully to cleaning, arranging, cooking etc., children keeping to certain rules, the mistress herself ordering her life suitably. The result should be that her husband is left to herself to do his office-work. He should not be disturbed, except on very urgent business. Even later, the wife should be careful not to worry him with her troubles. She should try and manage everything herself, and she should by no means carry complaints to the man, or set him up against the domestics. If any very necessary discipline has to be administered, a direct accusation must be made, and looked into justly and carefully. There should be no nagging by the woman, for as *Proverbs* says: 'It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than with a contentious woman in a wide house.'"

"And quiet should be maintained in the house as much as possible. Servants should not chatter or dash things about, nor should children wander all over making an undue noise."

"Finally, the woman should find a quiet time for herself, so that she can indulge in her own pet occupation or hobby, whatever it is. This is very necessary indeed, for this is where a woman's liberty comes in. After seeing to her ***domestic hearth*** and settling things for others, should she not do something for herself? Certainly, she ought. And now, ladies, we shall disperse. We can go on with the same subject in our next lesson."

(To be continued.)

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

THE word 'Fashion' usually concerns itself with clothes; but what are clothes without personality? We know that the finest of clothes sometimes look far worse on a meagre personality than the ugliest of garments on a fine presence. It is individuality that counts.

Now, individuality in clothes can consist of two factors. The first is the method of wearing them, which is so different in each individual and which gains so much from personal touches. The second is the deportment and carriage, which set off the garments. The most important of this is the ***walk***.

Now, there are, as we know, different methods of walking. There is the French way, there is the English way, and there is the Indian way, and so on. In old Indian literature, the most appreciated walk of women was compared to an elephant's. This naturally meant the oscillation of heavy hips. Somehow, this never appeals to me; and obviously it is rather incompatible with quick

progress, except of course where elephants are concerned with their long strides!

The best method of progress is a natural one, viz., that which suits the figure. If one watches Indian *coolie* women, one is astonished at their quick progress. With heavy burdens on their heads, they have to waddle too much naturally, and the steps are taken with the hips alone, as it were. But that suits them, and one soon forgets their waddle. Their burden of course, is too heavy. Indian women again, with light water-pots on their hips, or balanced on their heads, are most graceful and regal in their carriage; and I do not wonder that sometimes girls are taught to walk balancing books on their heads. But beware of the walk, which is sometimes introduced into the Indian Cinema, most ridiculously short steps taken in a hurry and with no dignity!

The best method of walking seems to me to throw the movement on the shoulders, so as to walk with them and not with the hips. This walk of course, can become too stiff, for it has the tendency to make the neck and head also stiff.

The walk should not be too languid. It often happens, for instance, that our Indian women, when out for a walk, meander along slowly and gently, and then of course, the hip walk will suit them better. The position of the feet has also to be considered; more weight should be thrown on the toes than on the heels. I would not, for instance, advise the stealthy walk of the London policemen, though it does suit them admirably, heels first heavily, than the toes. A dignified, self-controlled walk, with no deliberate effort to show off the elegance of the figure, with all the limbs under control, but not held too stiffly, seems to me to be the correct method. To acquire this, it is well to forget that one is walking. After all, a walk does not mean all exercise. When with others, it can mean interest in conversation and companionship; when taken alone, it can mean solitary musing; and at all times, it should include interest in scenery and the surrounding objects. Well then, take a walk naturally and happily, and all will be well.

No walk, however, can be graceful with an unbalanced figure. I should like to ask a question here, with no desire at all to offend: Why do Indian women usually get fat and ungainly after marriage, and especially after motherhood? The reply, I think, is rather obvious. They give themselves up to the indulgence of happy domesticity, and, taking very little thought for their figure and deportment, have no recourse to exercise. They become careless, because there is no need for them to attract attention. This, obviously is a slack habit, which needs to be altered, for want of care in deportment often reacts on the character and induces indolence and stagnancy of thought and action.

As Dr. Tagore says: "Cleanliness and orderliness should never be neglected. There are some who seem to take pride in displaying slovenliness as a protest against indulgence in luxury. But well-dressed tidiness and foppishness do not belong to the same class. Attractiveness in one's dress may show a high quality of aesthetic sense and go hand-in-hand with a beautiful spirit of simplicity. It necessarily need not be for ostentation but for taking trouble to offer our respect for others. If we are careless in our dress when meeting people, we rudely show that we do not care for them."

—*Sister Susie*

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

I. REVENGE

(A STORY)

LAKSHMI, the elephant, was a good sort, and had an affectionate and lovable character. Of all the Rajah's elephants, she was the most powerful, and at the same time the favourite. Whenever the Rajah wanted to go out shooting, he always rode on Lakshmi. Everyone was fond of her, except Nobs, the Rajah's little dog. Nobs did not like Lakshmi, because he could not quite understand her enormous size, especially as he himself was such a very small dog. Whenever he saw Lakshmi coming towards him, he thought she was some huge mountain suddenly walking about. Also, Nobs was a very mischievous little animal, and when he found that the huge mountain was really very harmless, he thought he would have a game with it, and therefore got into the habit of barking round and round Lakshmi and trying to bite her huge legs, until poor Lakshmi did not know what to do, and was reduced to trumpeting loudly and waving her trunk about wildly.

One day, Nobs' playful spirits carried him away a little too far, and he went close up to Lakshmi's left hind leg and gave her a good bite. The huge animal was very infuriated, and roared and trumpeted and stamped about the place, until even the Mahout, who was quite used to Lakshmi's ways, got alarmed and had great difficulty in comforting and quieting her.

At last, the Mahout felt Nobs was going too far, and went and complained to the Rajah and told him that his little pet dog was becoming much too mischievous and proud, and was worrying Lakshmi too much. The Rajah promised to see that Nobs did not go near Lakshmi in future, and for a few days all was well. Lakshmi, however, had not forgotten that bite she had received, and was determined to have her revenge some day .

A month passed, and all that time Nobs was tied up, whenever Lakshmi left her stables and came near the palace. Then one day, the dog *chokra* became a little careless, and let Nobs loose when Lakshmi was being given his daily rice and grass. Nobs gave one bound and rushed towards Lakshmi with a joyous bark ; but the latter waited quietly, and, when Nobs was near her, she suddenly grabed the little dog with her trunk, and giving a mighty heave hurled him with terrible force at a large boulder that was lying near. Fortunately, the elephant suddenly lost its grip, and Nobs, instead of being struck against the stone, and thus killed, was sent hurtling through the air, until he fell with a dull thud inside a bush. The shock was too great for him, however, and he lay there unconscious, until the servants came running to pick him up. For a long time poor little Nobs lay as one dead, and Lakshmi rejoiced ; but gradually, consciousness came back to him, and, much to the Rajah's relief, he lapped a little milk after some time. Nobs was all right again that day ; but you may be sure Nobs never went near Lakshmi again.

—*P. S.*

---

2. THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

Now that Christmas is coming near, I suppose every one has been busy with gardening, for there are few people who would not like to have their gardens full of gay flowers, to add to the merriment of Christmas festivities. The seeds ought to have been sewn in October, and the seedlings transplanted into well-prepared manured beds as soon as they were ready ; but if some of you have not thought of having a garden, it may not be too late to start now ; for the flowers will be on till about the beginning of March.

Really, gardening is a wonderful hobby, and one that everyone of you ought to indulge in. Those, who are very ambitious, and want to have rare plants, will find it a little expensive ; but an ordinary garden, with the usual annuals, can be easily got up very cheaply.

The first thing to do is to prepare boxes, and sew your seeds in them. Keep these boxes in the shade as much as possible, giving them a little sun everyday. When the seedlings are about two inches high, transplant them into beds. You will find the planning and construction of your beds very interesting. You can mark out all sorts of shapes. The best thing to do will be to border your beds with some low hedge plant. These are better than marking them off with bricks, which Indian ***Malis*** are always very fond of doing. White stones demarkating a drive are usually a blot to the garden and should be avoided.

You should always strive at colour effects in the construction of your garden. For instance, I came across a marvellous scheme once of beautiful yellow and red cannas planted in front of flaming poincettias, against a high wall. Another mass effect was produced in the same garden by tiers of cannas and crotons planted in hugh pots, one over the other and rising high up in the air.

The rose garden should usually be kept a little apart.

Archways can be built across garden paths, and creepers trained over them. Sometimes a little pavilion made of creepers alone, where one can have tea of an evening, is an asset to the garden.

On the whole, however, the planning of the garden should be left to the individual ; but it is a pity not to be interested in gardening ; for there can be no better hobby for those who are fond of exercise and an out-door life and who at the same time have a love for flowers and an interest in the beauties of Nature.

Pankajam.

3. A DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT

THE patient chose a large teakwood chest for her sick couch and made a bed with a sheet, a pillow and a blanket, and there she stretched herself and lay motionless, too ill to stir. Next, entered the doctor, in a most unconventional manner. He felt the patient's pulse and placed the thermometre in the feeble mouth. After noting the temperature, he used the self-same instrument to give the patient an injection. This done, the doctor went out for a second, to fetch the medicine, but when he returned, the patient had absconded and the bed was empty.

Two bedsteads stood on their sides against a window, to be out of the way in the bedroom during the day. The patient had hidden herself behind one of these, and, sucking her thumb with gusto, sat watching the doctor's discomfiture. The physician's shouts of anger, as he peeped into corners and under tables and chairs, with a stick in his hand for the misbehaving patient, produced a few low gurgles of laughter from the thumb-sucking lady.

Tracing the sound to its source, the doctor looked in between the window and one of the cots to find the delinquent crouching there and bursting into silvery peals as her eyes met the doctor's. Then followed an interesting scene, which reminded one of a Punch and Judy show, the irate doctor trying to teach his frivolous patient a lesson for insulting him, and the latter dodging the doctor and his menacing stick. The medical man appeared to be getting the better of the game, for finding herself cornered the victim sprang to the window, but the avenger was soon upon her.

And now the tables turned. No sooner had the physician reached the window, than the patient snatched the stick from his hand and began aiming it at his head. The poor doctor, arching his poor back, burst into

bitter tears and dismal howling, as he cast appealing looks all round at the spectators, who had gathered there to witness the novel method of treating a patient, practised by a young physician, whom they were ultimately destined to rescue from a great indignity.

Lest my friends of the medical profession institute an enquiry into the facts of the above case, so derogatory to the honour of their guild, let me hasten to explain that the doctor of my story was only a tiny tot of not quite four, and the patient her elder sister of seven and a half, while the instrument that served both as a thermometer and an injunction needle, was nothing more wonderful than a bit of broom-stick.

—H. Kaveri Bai.

OBSERVATIONS

THERE is an interesting article in the September issue of *Queen Mary's College Magazine* about old Indian Universities. After defining a University as "a collection of books", and "a school of universal learning in a common spot", the writer proceeds to talk about such institutions organised, and kept up by Brahmin and Buddhist princes and priests of old. The University of Taxila, at the time of Alexander the Great, of which Patanjili was a famous product, was one and the institution of Sri Danyakataka on the Krishna river was another. There was also the Buddhist University of Nalanda, for both Tibet and China, of which we hear from ancient historians. Vikramasila and Odandapuri were two other famous places of learning.

Buddhist Universities differed from the Brahminical ones, in that their studies, their teachers and their students were taken from all classes, without being limited only to "twice-born" castes.

Such centres of learning were usually situated in forests, fairly near the Capital town, thus being aloof from, yet near, human society. They were fine buildings as a rule. with lofty halls and rooms in the central edifice, to which shrines, temples, *topes* and gardens were attached. There were sometimes as many as six colleges in a University. The professors were many, and students sometimes numbered 10,000. There were different tutors, in charge of sections, to whom loyal service was given. Convocations and graduation ceremonies existed. Study comprised grammar, logic, metaphysics, and medicine. Manuscripts were copied and fine libraries were kept. The needs of the University were supplied by villages attached to it. Religion was a great consideration in these places, and ideals were high, "of calm life and deep contemplation, of knowledge for its own sake, the growth of character before intellect." The motto of the Nalanda University was: "Conquer anger by pardon, conquer a bad man by good deeds, conquer a miser by giving him more, and conquer a liar by truth."

* * * * *

THE *Stri-Dharma* recounts the story of the Buddhist order of nuns or *Bhikkunis*. The story goes that, after the death of his father, in the fifth year of his enlightenment, Buddha lived for a time in the Banyan grove of his capital. There his foster-mother, the widow of his father, Maha Pajapati Gotami asked him for admission into his order of the Sangha, taking a number of ladies with her on the pretext that all her worldly duties were over. But Buddha refused his permis-

sion and went back to his retreat in Vesali. The holy women, however, followed him there, walking all the way, covered with dust, with swollen and bleeding feet, weeping and dressed in saffron robes. The Buddha's cousin pleaded with him for their admission. And, at last, the master consented, on the condition that the great ladies took upon themselves the observance of the "noble eight-fold path" of the *Arahats*. The eight rules were: "(1) a nun, even of a hundred years' standing, shall perform all proper duties to a monk, even if he is only just ordained; (2) a nun shall not spend the rainy season where there is a monk; (3) twice a month a nun shall ask from the Order of Monks the times of the Confessional (*uposatha*) and the time when a monk will come to give her admonition; (4) at the end of the rainy season, the final ceremony of the Retreat (*pavarana*) shall be held by the nuns both in the assembly of the monks and of the nuns; (5) certain offences shall be dealt with by both assemblies; (6) when a nun, as novice, has been trained for two years, she shall ask for leave for the higher ordination from both assemblies; (7) a nun shall on no pretext revile or abuse a monk; and (8) official admonitions of nuns to monks shall be forbidden, but not of monks to nuns."

This admission of women into the stronghold of religion, in almost complete partnership, though of a junior kind, where heitherto they had only been handmaids, was one of the first steps in the attainment of their freedom and equality with men in all hopes and aspirations. Such an admission was, of course, much objected to, and undoubtedly was one of the causes of the antagonism towards Buddhism by the Brahmins, in whose eyes women were far inferior to men. But the women themselves were happy. They had joined the order of the *Aryas* or *Noble ones*. The peace and the bliss they attained, their freedom from the world and its evils, were all embodied in the hymns they wrote, compiled as the *Therigatha*, or "Psalms of the sisters, in which the refrain runs throughout that the fact that they are women does not matter at all. Some of them attained great eminence both morally and intellectually. They grew in numbers, and branches were established in different places. One was in Ceylon, where the nuns became powerful. In the tenth century, however when the Cholas became dominant, this order was destroyed, and was not restarted, even when the order of Monks was re-established by the later kings of Ceylon. The monks, on the other hand, became more and more austere and exclusive in their religion, and began to feel very antagonistic to the women, to whose admission they had always been averse, because it meant freedom from the toils of their lords.

We hear that in present times, when the freedom of women has advanced far, the revival of this order of nuns has been mooted. It is objected however that, as only nuns could ordain nuns, and as there were no nuns now, there could not be any more nuns. But we are told that there are other ways of admission, and the *Ceylon News* observes:

"If brave and adventurous spirits are forthcoming, full of faith and devotion for the religion, actuated by the right sort of motive, prepared to go through the rigorous discipline entailed, the permissibility and the possibility of reviving the Order of Bhikkunis should not be a matter of great dispute."

* * * *

THE Jyoti Sanga of Ahmedabad is an Association aiming at the upliftment of women by training them in different subjects and branches of practical life, in order to produce a self-supporting generation of women. Spiritual training and the achievement of union among all castes are also its objects.

The honour of starting the Sanga and conducting it on easy lines goes to Mrs. Shardabehan Mehta and Srimati Mrudulabehan, prominent ladies of the city. They

aim at placing the Sanga as an ideal before India.

The Sanga was started in April, 1934, and within a short space its membership has risen to 250.

The Members are divided into two sections, ordinary Members and Students, with a monthly contribution of Re. 0—8—0 and Re. 0—4—0 respectively. Typewriting, Furniture-Polishing, Drawing, Tailoring and Music are taught. In addition, the Association has introduced the art of making toys and other articles. Further, the association has undertaken the work of teaching reading and writing to illiterate students. From time to time, outside lecturers are invited to speak on subjects useful to the students.

A Library is kept for students, and other Associations help in supplying books.

One important section of the Sanga is that of volunteers. Any member is entitled to be admitted as a member of this section.

D. T. Tripathi.

Dr. TAGORE

THE glad welcome given by the women of Madras to this revered poet of India voiced correctly the value of his high ideals for womanhood. As the address said, he has always been the champion of women, for his poetic mind has transcended all barriers of custom and seen the vision of beautiful and exquisite womanhood, even in the midst of the present decadence, as a crown of glory on the brow of God's creation. Dr. Tagore, in his reply, endorsed these views and told them that 'the mother-heart was Universal', that he was always their friend, not too high and far-away, but "travelling along with them, and singing to lighten their burdens on the way."

The women of India do need such encouragement; it not only helps them to keep on going forward, but it also awakens in them an added responsibility and consciousness of "much needed service for humanity."

Dr. Tagore's contribution has not only been to the women, but to the world in general. We may say to him, what the address of the ladies said:

"You represent India's highest culture and noblest ideals. Through you, we have realised what India can contribute to the world; you have carried the message, the message of love, peace and the fundamental unity of spirit and hence of all human races, to the furtherest corners of the world. Your wonderful genius has caught the essence of all cultures and of all faiths and from the innermost recess of your loving heart you have given to the world immortal songs and stories—pearls of beauty and wisdom that will have everlasting life.

Nor have you been content merely to dream and sing and fill the world with the music of your beautiful thoughts, but you have created a new institution wherein your personality has expressed itself in a new art, in a new music, in a new dance, a new life, recreating and reviving the decadent but still dynamic culture of India. Through you, the ancient and forgotten picture of India's glorious and divine past has come to life, and you have taught us how to live more naturally, more usefully, more freely and how to thus enrich our life. You have saved the individual as well as society from falling into soulless formalities, selfish creeds, and stony conventions."

WOMEN IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

IN Norway, a bill is to be introduced, allowing women to take up all offices as Cabinet Ministers, diplomatic and consular officers and State church workers.

From Norway, Sweeden and Denmark, women are sent as representatives to the League of Nations.

In France, a women has been made "Customs expert", and a representative is

sent from France to the League of Nations. Two women have also held the position of the head of the Industrial department.

There is a woman judge in Luthania.

It was in China that women were first introduced into the Police.

In the U. S. A., the *Madras Mail* says, that women have progressed rapidly in every way, starting with the appointment of Miss Perkins as Secretary for Labour and a member of the Cabinet. We hear of the appointment of women as head of the Crime Prevention Department, member of the Board of Assessors of New York, Judge of the Supreme Court, head of the United States Mint, chief of the National Recovery Bureau. There will be 700 women on the ballots this year, and there is talk of a woman being Vice-President in a few years. In chemical and medical research also, and in commercial laboratories, women are advancing, as also in educational institutions, in mixed sports, and in business.

No doubt, this means the loss of home life; but freedom may mean even that later.

THE LATE Dr. H.W.B. MORENO

ONE of the most remarkable men of the older generation has been gathered to his ancestors in the veritable fulness of his honours. We are extremely sorry to record the demise of Dr. H. W. B. Moreno, M.A., Ph. D., D. Litt., M.L.C. which sad event occurred at Calcutta last month. His death has removed from our midst a great scholar, an able writer, a man of wide sympathies, a learned interpreter of Oriential culture and civilisation, a successful teacher, a veteran educationist, an ardent social worker and a charming personality.

For nearly a quarter of a century, Dr. Moreno was the Principal of the Armenian College; he was a distinguished Professor of the University of Calcutta for a few years. His students spoke of him as an ideal teacher, a venerable Guru and a finished product of Eastern and Western culture and education. Out of the class room, his passion for knowledge carried him beyond the boundaries of his own language English, to cultivate the acquaintance of, and gain mastery over, almost all important modern languages. This enormously helped him in his able work of interpretation of the Great Faiths of the World. He was an eager contributor to the periodical literature of the day. He wielded a very facile pen, which could write a spirited and laughter-evoking short story, a short poem, or a book.

He was a spirited Nationalist at heart and, though an Anglo-Indian, was in full sympathy with Indian aspirations. Though a devout Christian, he was singularly free from any taint of communal bias and his contributions to standard journals on Hinduism, Buddhism, Muhammadanism and Zoroastrianism have won a chorus of praise from the *intelligentsia* of the world.

Dr. Moreno was a poet of genuine inspiration and he deserves an honoured place in the galaxy of our Indo-English poets, who have added to the beauty of English literature. For high thought, sweet flow, graceful fancy, marked inspiration, deep Oriental feeling, Dr. Moreno's poems are certainly praiseworthy. Some of his verses have been quoted in the I. L. M.

The loss of such a veteran educationist, ripe scholar, and great thinker, when new trends of life and culture are beginning, is indeed an event much to be deplored.

K. Padmanabha Tampy.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

NEED FOR MODERNISING KITCHENS IN INDIA

WHEN houses are constructed in India, very little attention is usually paid to the building of the kitchen, and few conveniences are put in to make the cook's work easier than it is. In Europe, the kitchen is a very important part of the house, chiefly because it is built in the house itself, and not as an adjunct to the main buildings. It is a liveable room, much used by the family, and is usually very comfortable.

In India, there is no need for the members of some houses to go to the kitchen, and only the cook and the servants reign supreme there. Because of this reason, however, the kitchen need not be untidy and uncomfortable, and perhaps it will induce the mistress of the house to take more interest in cooking, if the kitchen is made more attractive and less dishevelled.

The first important point to see to in the improvement of Indian kitchens is to eliminate the smoke problem. Those who can afford it can fix in up-to-date ovens; but in most cases this is not practicable, and it will be best to have good fire-places built of a suitable height, and under a well-constructed chimney that will draw up all the smoke.

A kitchen should also be well ventilated, with at least two or three windows, fitted with wire-gauze in order to keep the flies out. The doors should also have wire-gauze, and a opening mechanism that will make them shut of their own accord. Flies (the pest of Indian kitchens), can thus be completely eliminated.

Next come the flooring and the walls. The former should be of such material that it can be washed and disinfected every morning and the walls can be of glazed tiles, so that they can be rubbed down constantly with a wet cloth, and kept dust-proof and absolutely clean.

The kitchen table is of great importance. *The woman's book* says, "There are two reasons why the old type of kitchen table, with its wooden top, is fast disappearing. Constant scrubbing softens and opens the pores of the wood, so that the table readily absorbs grease and a certain amount of dirt, thus becoming unhygienic. In the second place, the labour needed to keep it reasonably clean and attractive in appearance is excessive. Hence the introduction of the working table with a porcelain top." If such a table cannot be easily made in India, the difficulty can be solved by fixing a thick glass slab on to the top of the ordinary wooden table.

There is usually no place kept apart for keeping away utensils, etc., in an Indian kitchen, and it would be a good idea to construct built-in cup-boards and fix racks on the walls where things can neatly be kept away after use.

Lastly, every modern kitchen in India should be provided with a sink of white glaze, and with taps fixed over it. The sink should be placed in a convenient place, under a window, so that it may be in a part where there is both good lighting and fresh air.

"Paddy"

Needle Work Notes

A WOOLLEN PULL-OVER IN CROCHET

The *stitch* to be used is as follows :

1st row: A chain of seven; turn, slip-stitch into the four next chain after the last, leaving the loops on the needle, and draw the wool through all five loops; this is the first star. Then, 1 chain, slip crochet-hook into the same, leaving two loops on it, slip again into the next stitch, which is the end of the first star, then into the two next chain. This makes five loops, take wool on the hook, and slip through all five loops, making the second star. Go on in this way, with 2 extra chain for each new star. Turn with 3 chain.

2nd row : A treble into each stitch, leaving out the first 3 chain.

3rd row ; Loop into the 2 chain next to the one on the needle, take up 2 more chain, put on wool and draw at once through the five loops, making a star ; go on as in first row for next star.

4th row : Like 2nd row.

For the *pull-over* : Start with 113 chain, making 55 stars on it. Add or lessen, according to size, thickness of wool, and quality of crochet-hook.

Work 8 rows of stars and trebles, as given above. In the 8th row, which is one of trebles, do 2 trebles less, turn and work back 54 stars. Repeat in this way for 8 rows, ending with a row of 50 stars. This decrease is for the shoulder.

Now start the arm-hole thus :

18th row : Work trebles up to the 43rd star inclusive, then 2 short trebles and 2 d.c, (double crochet) into the two next stars, 3 chain.

19th row : 45 stars.

20th row : Trebles on 38 stars, 2 short trebles and 2 d. c. on next two stars, 3 chain.

21st row : 40 stars.

22nd row : Trebles on 33 stars, 2sh. trebles and 2 d. c., 3 chain.

23rd row : 35 stars.

24th row : Trebles on 31 stars, 2sh. tr, 2 d. c., 3 chain.

25th row ; 33 stars.

26th row : Trebles,

27th row : 33 stars.

28th row Trebles.

29th row : 33 stars.

30th row : Trebles, 7 chain.

31st row : 35 stars.

32nd row : Trebles, 13 chain.

33rd row : 40 stars.

34th row : Trebles, 13 chain.

35th row : 45 stars.

36th row : Trebles, 13 chain.

37th row : 50 stars.

38th row : Trebles 5 chain.

39th row : 51 stars.

40th row : Trebles, 5 chain.

41st row : 52 stars,

42nd row : Trebles, 5 chain.

43rd row : 53 stars.

44th row : Trebles, 5 chain.

45th row : 54 stars. This finishes the shoulder.

46th row : shape for neck (V. Shaped). Trebles on 34 stars, 2 sh. tr., 2 d. c., 3 chain.

47th row : 46 stars.

48th row : Trebles on 37 stars, 2 sh. tr., 2 d. c., 3 chain.

9th row : 39 stars.

50th row : Trebles on 31 stars, 2sh, tr., 2. d. c., 3 chain.

51st row : 33 stars.

52nd row : Trebles on 28 stars, 2 sh. tr., 2. d. c., 3 chain.

53rd row : 30 stars.

54th row : Trebles on 26 stars, 2 sh. tr., 2. d. c., 3 chain.

55th row : 28 stars.

56th row : Trebles on 28 stars, 3 chain. This is the centre of the front portion. From now work backward, according to pattern, till

the back row is reached of 55 stars. Join on by sewing to the 1st row.

Border. Take thick knitting needles, and, with wool of a darker shade pick up the stitches along the botton of garment, at the rate of 3 to 1 row of stars and 1 row of trebles. This can be done in 2 sections, from side to side, and then the two edges of the borders can be sewn together. Work border up to the depth required. Cast off very loosely on a double strand of wool. Work a border in the same way on the arm-holes and neck, but only about half the depth of bottom border. These also can be done in two sections, or on four needles once for all.

A scarf of the required size can be made in the same stitch, in the two colours used.

Cookery Notes

Golden Potatoes

6 carrots, 6 potatoes,
2 tablespoons butter, Salt and pepper.
¼ cup cream.

Pare the potatoes, scrub the carrots and cook together until soft. Put through a potato mincer, mix with butter and seasoning. Add cream and beat until creamy.

Tomato Honey

3 lbs. ripe tomatoes, 3 lemons, juice and grated rind,
3 oranges, Sugar

Chop the tomatoes and simmer with lemon rind until hardly any juice remains. Add juice of oranges and lemons, and one pound sugar to each pint of fruit juice. Boil quickly and stir constantly until of the consistency of honey.

Broiled Cheese Roils

Cut bread in thin slices, the long way of the loaf, remove crusts and spread with cheese which has been creamed until very soft. Beginning at one end, roll up the slice of bread as you would a jelly roll, fasten with toothpicks and cut into inch slices across the roll. Brush each slice with melted or softened butter and broil under a medium flame until nicely browned. These may be made a day or two ahead and kept, wrapped in waxed paper, in the refrigerator, until ready. They are also a picnic favourite. Prepare the rolls at home if desired and toast over an open fire on sticks or in a metal toaster.

Old-fashioned Buttermilk Sherbet

2 cups thick butter-milk, ½ cup syrup,
1 egg white, stiffly beaten,
1 cup crushed pineapple, ½ teaspoons vanilla.

Mix buttermilk, pineapple, syrup and vanilla. Pour into an ice-cream freezer and turn until sherbet is partially frozen. Open the freezer, add the egg white and freeze until stiff.

(From the Parents' Magazine.)

Errata : For 'Narayana Rao' in page 231, read 'Narasinga Rao.' We regret the mistake.

Editor, I. L. M.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

September.

1. Mrs. Anandam, Rangoon.
2. Miss A. D. Baker, Madras.
3. Susi P. David Esq., Palamcotta.
4. Lady Devadoss, Madras.
5. Mrs. K. Gopalan, Calicut.
6. A. W. Hutton Esq., Madras.
7. E. Jagannathachari Esq., Chittoor.
8. V. R. Krishnaswamy Esq., Tanjore.
9. Mrs. C. Krishnan, Tellicherry.
10. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur Sahiba, Simla.
11. Mis. K. T. Mathew, Kumaran
12. Mrs. D. S. Nair, Yelahanka
13. P. Papiah Esq., Chittoor
14. T. Perera Esq., Ceylon
15. Dr. Ratnavelu, Ceylon
16. Rao Bahadur M. R. Ry., C. S. Subramanyam Avl., Mayavaram
17. Secretary, Burmah-shell Club, Madras
18. Secretary, Ladies' Club, Chittore.
19. Secretary, Mrs. A. V. N. College Reading Room, Vizagapatam.
20. The Board High School, Quilandy
21. Mrs. Vedamuthu, Madras.
22. S. Vepa Esq., Madras.
23. Mrs. T. N. Vethavanam, Ceylon.